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## FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Mr. Wall of West Bromwich was, many years since, land steward to J. C. Jervoise, Esq. a large landed proprietor, in Warwickshire; and by his vexatious and oppressive conduct, had occasioned much uneasiness among the inhabitants. Mr. C. of the Admiralty, then a young man, was on a visit to the clergyman of the parish, and, entering into the grief of the people, wrote the following sarcastick lines. Wall and Mr. Jervoise were very much enraged, and offered five hundred pounds for the discovery of the author. The lines have never been printed.

MURUS ABRENEUS EST.

WILL Shakespear of old for the pleasure of all,  
 Presented a man in the shape of a Wall;  
 Our landlord, alas! for a different plan,  
 Has dressed up a Wall in the shape of a man:  
 Of such rude materials, so heavy and thick,  
 With a heart of hard stone and a facing of brick,  
 That 'tis plain from its blundering form and its features,  
 'Twas built by some journeyman mason of Nature's;  
 And spoilt by its master's continued neglect,  
 Oppresses the land it was meant to protect.  
 This Wall, this curs'd Wall, ever since it was raised,  
 With quarrels and squabbles the country has teased,  
 And its office thereby it performs with precision,  
 For the grand use of walls we all know is *division*.  
 Some people maintain that no prospect is good,  
 But the varied expanse of plain water and wood;  
 Our hopes are confined, our taste is but small,  
 For we only request to behold a *dead Wall*.  
 The trees on the wall they are pleasant to see,  
 Much more so to us were the Wall on the tree,  
 And if to exalt it would please Mr. Jervoise,  
 Any tree in the parish is much at his service.

## SUN-SET.

WHERE is the hand to paint in colours bright  
 The vivid splendour of the western sky,  
 That sparkling flood of evanescent light,  
 Pure and transparent, deepening in its dye.  
 Elysian bowers and isles of rest on high

Float o'er the amber tide, and pass away ;  
 Each moment changing to the raptured eye.  
 Alas ! no mortal hand can that blest vision stay,  
 Guido's nor Titian's art can fix that fading ray.

O ! I have gazed, when silent and alone,  
 Till I forgot the globe my feet have prest ;  
 Have seen the shores of some bright world unknown,  
 And souls amid the mansions of the blest :  
 Scenes not for man, nor mortal senses drest :  
 Bright rosy meads, and seas of waving light  
 And fairy barks that on those waters rest ;  
 They darken, they are gone ; as fades the light,  
 And leave me still on earth enveloped all in night.

So fade the prospects early fancy forms  
 When life is fresh, and all the world is new ;  
 Bright are the clouds which soon must meet in storms,  
 Bright all with hope, too happy to be true.  
 Soon sets the beam, and darkness bounds the view.  
 So the ethereal soul which did this body move  
 Leaves the dull clod on earth from which it grew ;  
 Glances away, where sister souls above  
 Bloom in immortal youth, immortal light and love.

#### FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

**THE** collection of memoirs, anecdotes and criticism published at Paris last year, as the correspondence of the Baron de Grimm and Diderot, with the Duke of Saxe Gotha, is known to most of our readers, through the different European journals, which have reviewed them. The collection consisted of sixteen large volumes in octavo ; an edition reducing these to seven, was published in London, and it is from that, we have made the following translations. This very amusing and interesting correspondence, was first commenced by the Abbe Raynal, in 1753, and two years after, he gave it up to the Baron de Grimm, who continued it to the year 1790. It was addressed to different sovereigns ; the Empress of Russia, the Queen of Sweden, the King of Poland, the duchess of Saxe Gotha, and others of the Ger-